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merely acquaintances with the great minds of past centuries and the present but that relationship will change, ripening into genuine friendships through loyalty, constant contact, and effort to understand. And for such an aim as this, can any device be of greater help to the teacher, upon whom the responsibility of initiating these relationships falls, than the complete poem, the complete story, play, or novel? "The whole is greater than any of its parts," we are told. Surely this is true of a piece of *literature* worthy of attention at all.

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#### THE PYRAMID OF KHUFU

Calm and serene was the Egyptian sky,  
Glorious the sun as it shone on high,  
Casting its beams on the lofty tombs,  
On the noble summit as upward looms  
"The Pyramid of Khufu."

Long were the shadows on northmost side,  
Shifting and changing like aimless tide,  
While on the south, flooded with light,  
Glittered the surface, glazed and white,  
"The Pyramid of Khufu."

Yonder the sphinx, majestic and grand,  
Gazes afar at the desert of sand,  
Ever on guard with watchful eye,  
Patient, enduring, as years roll by.  
"The Mystery of the Ages."

MARGARET B. HILL<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The writer is a fourteen-year-old girl in the high school at Malden, Massachusetts. The poem was written in her history notebook and was sent to the *English Journal* by Miss Ruth L. S. Child.